The Myrtle

"INSTEAD OF THE BRIER SHALL COME UP THE MYRTLE TREE." ISA. LV. 13

UNIVERSALIST PUBLISHING HOUSE.

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For the Myrtle.

A Child's Puzzle.

MY four year old querist,
Cannot make it clear,
Why the coming to-morrow,
Never is here.

Sometimes he will question,
In a grave, thoughtful way,
"Please tell me, mamma,
Is to-morrow, to-day?"

Then varying the query—
Some insight to borrow—
He wishes to know, if
"To-day is to-morrow."

Again, with the puzzle.
Marking his brow,
Perhaps he will ask, it
"To-morrow is now."

Oh! little one, little one:
Mother and you
Have a lesson to learn:
Whatever we do

Must be done in the present;
"To-morrow"—we say:
That *never* is ours;
Ours, only to-day.

H. H. D.

Two Years Old.

ONE—two—my little maiden,
Sitting in the sun,
With your blue eyes full of wonder;
Life is just begun!

One—two—you cannot count it
On your fingers white;
Sum of all your earthly being,
Sorrow and delight!

One—two—my little maiden,
If the sum shall grow
Here on earth, or there in heaven,
Only One can know.

For the Myrtle.

The Good King's Reign.

AN ALEGORY FOR THE NEW YEAR.

PART I.

THE old king was dead. The sceptre, which he had wielded with such power and justice had fallen from his nerveless grasp. The royal head lay low, and the good old king's grave was in the tender memory of the people.

Amid glad triumph, and rejoicing, the young king ascended the throne of his forefathers. Health and strength dwelt in his majestic, stalwart form, and shone from his ruddy cheek, and sparkling eye. His fair countenance spoke of justice, tempered by mercy, of generous, and impartial love. His right hand firmly grasped his father's sceptre, while his left hand was extended in blessing to his subjects.

The Prime Minister, an old man, of reverend aspect, standing beside the throne, holding in one hand an hour-glass, drew near. "Will it please your Majesty to give audience, now, to the attendants that your august father recommended?"

"By all means!" replied the young monarch, "Let them enter, one by one, in the order in which their services will be required by me."

With a low obeisance the minister stepped back to his place. At a signal from him, the door of the audience chamber was opened, to ad-

mit a young mountaineer, with glowing cheek, and flashing eye. His attire was of glittering ice, and over his shoulders he wore a mantle of soft snow. Upon his head rested a casque, which bristled with icicles, radiant with many colors, lent to them by the sun. He was surrounded by a chill atmosphere, which pervaded the apartment, and caused the king to draw his ermine robe closer around him.

The monarch raised his sceptre. "What can you do to serve my people?" he asked.

The stranger spoke, and his voice was keen and sharp.

"I strew the earth with soft snow," he replied, "which shelters the tiny seed, and slumbering herb. I freeze the sap, in tree and vine, and thus give it rest; it sleeps calmly, rocked by my minion, *Boreas*, *the North Wind*. I impart to the animal kingdom, strength and vigor. To man I give the elastic step, the bright eye, and rosy cheek. The blood sparkles in the veins, and courses, unchecked, through the heart."

"And what can you bring for amusement, to aid the flight of the winged hours?" said the king.

"I bring the cheery fireside, the social gathering, the dance, the song, the merry laugh, the generous feast. I provide the ruby wine, the rosy, juicy apple, and I prepare thick ice, so grateful to the invalid, so indispensable to all, and which lives long after I have passed away."

"It is well," replied the monarch, "It is our pleasure that you commenee at once, your duties. Your name?"

"*Jauuarius*," replied the young stranger, bowing himself from the apartment. As he passed from the door a ray of cold light seemed to stream from his glittering casque.

The minister now introduced a young man, short of stature, whose robe seemed of ice and water, it constantly dripped, and trickled, soiling the masonic floor of the audience-chamber.

With quick steps he approached the throne, and, as he did so, a breath of warm air seemed to dispel the chilly atmosphere that *Januarius* had left behind him.

"Blame not my dripping robe, beloved sovereign," he exclaimed, bowing before the king. "I am *Februarius*. I scatter, now and then, a day of balmy softness, to relieve the tedium of my brother's visit; and though I make the ground soft and wet, my skies are often blue, my breath warm and soothing. I give freedom to the invalid, imprisoned so long, within doors; joy to the little birds, who twitter merrily on the swinging boughs. I speak to the snow-drop, and it lifts up its fair, pure head from the softened earth, and modestly tinkles its pearly bell, to whisper of the coming spring. Before I go, I bring to the people, the glad and grateful remembrance of God's gift to them of one of Earth's noblest, and best men, *the immortal Washington*."

While *Februarius* had been speaking, his attire had gradually undergone a change. It was now brown, dry, and sombre, and around his head, a cloud of leaden hue hung hovering.

"Follow your brother," said the king kindly, waving his hand, and, with a hasty step, the young attendant left the apartment.

A moment after the door was dashed violently open, and a blustering youth entered, accompanied by whistling winds, and piercing blasts. The young man's face was purple with fury, and he strode toward the throne with daring steps.

"Calm your untimely rage!" exclaimed the king sternly. "Dare you forget in whose presence you stand?"

In a moment the flush of anger faded to the paleness of chagrin, and penitence; and the young stranger lifted to his sovereign a countenance full of ingenuous and noble feeling.

"Pardon my leige!" he cried, "my too irritable nature made me forget myself."

"Believe me, Sre," said the prime minister, stepping forward, "his hasty temper is his only fault!"

"You are forgiven!" said the king coldly, as the young man knelt before him, with drooping head. "Who are you?"

"My name is *Mars*!" the young stranger replied, raising his head. "I open the rivers, and restore navigation, and for me they yield their first fruits. I banish the snowy covering of earth, and bring to light the vivid carpet of emerald wheat. I touch the bare ground, and the pretty crocus lifts there from its chalices of purple, gold, and blue. The fragrant hyacinth, with its waxen bells of varied hue, and the modest violet with its silken coif, waft their sweet odors to gladden the senses, and tell of a brighter and lovelier time; and through my chaperonage appear the two lovely attendants of your majesty, who follow in my wake."

The young king now graciously extended his sceptre to the young stranger, who, fervently kiss-

ng it, withdrew quietly, followed by his page the *East Wind.*

A side door in the salon now opened softly, and a beautiful child came running in. He was dressed in a robe of light green velvet, and upon his brown curls rested a cap of emerald moss, dotted here and there with delicate wreaths of the lovely trailing arbutus hung from his neck like chains.

The little fellow held in his hand a crystal vase half filled with water, over whose surface a delicate film of ice had formed; beneath the ice, gold and silver fish were lazily moving, and the boy was gazing into the vase, delight beaming in his face; but his foot slipped, and the pretty vase fell from his hands, shivering into a thousand fragments. The boy buried his face in his hands and wept bitterly.

"Come hither, my child!" said the king kindly. The boy started, looked at the monarch, and as his eye caught sight of the elegant attire of his sovereign, and the golden sceptre, glittering with jewels, he sprang forward, his face lit up with smiles, while he dashed the tears from his eyes, with his little hands, in his eagerness to behold the glories of the audience chamber.

"This is the little *April*," said the minister.

"And what can so small a boy do for the benefit of a king and his people?" said the monarch with a smile.

"Sire," said the child, fixing his earnest hazel eyes upon the king's face, "in the forest yonder, the trees are bare and leafless; they lift their graceful branches to the skies above, as if to petition for a new attire." The boy paused, and tears rolled down his soft cheeks. "I touch them," he continued, "and lo! the enchanted sap comes gladly back to life, and starts gaily to its work, warming with its sparkling current, each tiny twig and stem. The swelling buds appear, garnishing with delicate beauty, each bough and branch; hiding, in their pretty breasts the beautiful flowers, snow-white and pink, that soon will shake out a merry peal of welcome for my lovely sister!" The boy's face now sparkled with rapture, and joy danced in his bright eyes.

"For me," he continued, the maple yields its crystal current of saccharine fluid; the pine gives up its buried treasures. I touch the vine, and the delicate leaflets peep from their long prison; and in the sunny south, the yellow jessamine robes each tree and bush with a golden splendor, filling the woods with sweet incense.

"I bring the flowering shrubs, with blossoms of scarlet yellow, and white, the tulip with its satin goblets of varied and gorgeous hues, the fragrant wall-flower, and the crown-imperial, with its brilliant circlet of variegated bells. I beckon, and the birds return; the air is vocal with the robin's matin song, the raven's noon-day carol, and the whip-poor-will's evening hymn. They are robed in their finest feathers; brilliant plumage, changing hues, or softest tints of blending gray, white and brown, are their attire, in this their wedding season."

A thoughtful expression now stole over the young face, as the boy knelt at the foot of the throne, and gazed timidly up at his sovereign.

"Rise, my boy," said the king, "and never doubt my approbation. You are one of my most useful servants. Go, then, and may you prosper in the labor of love."

As the boy left the room, a sound of girlish laughter was heard, sweet and ringing as a silver bell; and a young girl danced lightly into the room. She was as fair as a lily, with deep blue eyes, and golden hair, that floated around her slight tiny form like an amber veil. A cloud-like drapery of purest white enrobed her, and it seemed as though an unseen hand continually showered flowers upon her, for blossoms of the daisy, buttercup, dandelion, and spring-beauty, carpeted the path by which she came. Upon her graceful head she wore a wreath of apple and peach blossoms, whose trailing sprays mingled with the waves of her pretty hair. Balmy zephyrs played around her, wafting the incense of her fragrant breath. Her beautiful face was dimpled with smiles, and from her rosy fingers dropped flowers of every hue, whose sweet odor filled the apartment.

She stood before the throne, blushing deeply. The king raised his sceptre.

"Speak, my child," said he, "your king awaits the report of your services."

The Farmer.

As Dr. Dwight once passed through a region of very poor land, he said to a farmer—

"Sir, I perceive your land here is not very productive."

"No, sir," said the farmer; "our land here is just like self-righteousness!"

"Ah! how is that?" said the doctor.

"Why, sir," said he, "The more a man has of either, the poorer he is."

A Happy New Year.

THE north winds blow
O'er drifts of snow;
Out in the cold who goes from here?
"Good-by, Good-by!"
Loud voices cry.
'Good-by!" returns the gray Old Year;
But, looking back, what word leaves he?
"O, you must all good children be!"

A knock, a knock!
'Tis twelve o'clock!
This time of night, pray, who comes here
O, now I see!
'Tis he! 'tis he!
All people know the glad New Year!
What has he brought? and what says he
"O, you must all good children be!"

"Do 'Way, Doggie!"

Neddie is very hot and tired. He has been playing hard, and nurse is busy. He sees the kitchen-door wide open, and thinks the narrow yard a very nice place to play in. Nobody sees him walk out; and so he wanders through his papa's yard into the next neighbor's. He thinks he will go and meet his big brother coming from school.

But black Fido comes running and barking at the sight of the little visitor. Dogs are fond of children, if they are kind to them; but Neddie is afraid of dogs. He has found a branch of a tree and is saying, "Do 'way, doggie;—do wight away!"

Fido understands what he means, but wags his tail, and stands looking up in his face, all ready for a frolic.

Nurse comes along just in time, and carries Master Neddie into the house. You must keep better watch next time.

GOD looks not at the oratory of our prayers, how eloquent they are; not at their geometry, how long they are; not at their arithmetic, how many they are; not at their logic, how methodical they are; but he looks at their sincerity, how spiritual they are.

For the Myrtle.

A New Year Gift.

SUSIE Lane was in a very happy frame of mind, as she went tripping along to school on the second morning of January Among her New Year's presents, had been a bright silver half-dollar, such a piece of money as she had not seen for a long time. With it she was asked to buy the thing she most wanted to have, that could be bought for so little money. And she had chosen to buy a nice leather-covered diary, that she might begin with this new year to keep a journal.

The stationer's store was next to a baker's shop; and as she came by, she saw a little girl about her own size, poorly clothed, and looking pale and thin, as if her dinners were not enough for her. This poor little thing was looking into the bake-shop window at the rows of bread-loaves, buns and cakes, with great, hungry eyes.

"I wish I could buy her a whole apron-full of cakes," thought Susie, "and I will, if I have money enough."

Susie went into the stationer's and asked to look at diaries. The clerk showed her a whole basket-full of all sizes, and all colors, black, brown, green, and red, and of all prices, from fifteen cents to two dollars. Susie picked out one, maroon-colored, with soft leather binding, and steel clasp, like a portemonnaie. The leaves were gilt-edged; it had a pocket for holding money, and a dear little maroon-colored pencil with an ivory head. That was the only diary among them all that Susie wanted!

"How much is it?" she asked the clerk.

"That one is sixty-seven cents," he said, "and marked down at that. It would be a great bargain, Miss."

Sixty-seven cents was almost as much as Susie had in her pocket-book. She would have paid it in one minute, and never cared for the extra change above her half-dollar, so much she wanted just this pocket-book. But there was the girl outside looking in at the bake-shop window.

Susie hesitated. "I don't believe you'll do better," said the clerk.

She turned away from the window. Then she thought, "What's the use of a diary, if I haven't any thing good to write in it?"

"I've got to buy something in at the next door first" she said hurriedly, "then I'll come back."

The clerk saw her go out and speak to the poor girl on the sidewalk, and then run into the bake-shop. In a moment she came out with a whole arm-full of rolls and buns loosely wrapped in paper. The girl held up her apron and Susie poured them, the cakes all rolling out of the paper as she did so.

It was all done in a flash and Susie went back into the stationer's store.

She picked out a brown one without any gilt edges. "I'll take one of the half-dollar ones," she said. And she handed him her silver half-dollar.

"You'll want the premium on this, I suppose," said the clerk, smiling.

"Premium?" asked Susie.

"Yes, this is worth seven cents more than a paper half-dollar."

Susie had still a ten-cent scrip in her pocket-book. She flushed all over. "Why, then I can

have the other one," she cried, taking out the ten cents.

"Of course you can," said the clerk, taking out the little maroon diary, and wrapping it in soft white paper. And he said half to himself, "The whole thing is a little above par, I think."

Susie didn't know what he meant. Do you?

H. A. B.

The Canary's Wish.

It is said, but I will not affirm the truth of the story, that a pretty yellow canary, in a fit of fretfulness, cried out one day, "I wish I were dead!"

Upon this, the tortoise-shell cat looked up with a merry twinkle in his eyes and said: "I don't wonder at it, my dear. Shut up as you are in that cage, it is not strange that you should wish for death.

"Yes," replied the bird, "I am shut up, while my friends are out in the bright sunshine, sporting among the beautiful flowers. It is too bad!"

"So it is," rejoined the cat, in a tone of tenderness.

"And such a sweet singer as I am," added the canary.

"Yes, dearest, your songs are sweeter than those of birds that are free. I don't wonder you are wretched."

"Oh, I do wish I were dead!" groaned the bird. "My life is all pain and vexation. I'm a poor, miserable prisoner."

"My little love," replied the cat, as he rose to his feet, "if you will have the pluck to come out of your cage, I will help free you from all your grief and pain."

"What! what!" chirped the canary, with a terrible flutter in his heart, as the cat rose up on his hind legs and placed one of his fore-paws on the door of his cage.

"It is pain to do it," replied the cat, "yet for your sake I will stifle my grief, and help you out of your misery"—

The bird screamed. A footstep at the parlor door made puss turn his head, and then, seeing his master, he slunk through an open window into the garden. Canary breathed freely again, and having been very near the death it had so foolishly desired, was henceforth a wiser and happier bird.

"Foolish little canary!" I hear a thousand voices exclaim. Yes, a foolish little canary indeed, is that little boy or girl who often utters rash wishes, as "I wish I were dead!" or, "I wish I didn't have to go to school!" or, "I wish I could get away from home!" or any other equally idle wish. If such a child should be taken at his word, as the cat was about to take the canary, he, too, would learn both the folly and the danger of foolish wishing and fretful feeling.

Little Star.

The Children's Mission.

IN a crowded, busy, wealthy city,
In the city swarming with the poor,
Where the psalm of life is turned to pity,
Where its discord wails in haunts obscure

There we see the hungry little creatures,—
We can scarcely call them children, when
Haggard face and pinched, distorted features
Make them like old women and old men.

Yet the children, crawling from the gutter,
Stretch forth grimy hands to beg a flower,
And with earnest voice their thanks will utter.
Blossoms are to them a wealthy dower.

They are smiling while the flowers are blooming;
When they wither, then their hearts are sad:
Cannot you, an angel's task assuming,
Strew their path with flowers to keep them glad?

Think a moment of your own fair gardens,
Of the home that hailed your happy birth,
Then imagine all the weary burdens
Of these little outcasts of the earth.

You, with mother's loving face above you,
With a father's care to guide and bless,
Think what grief to have no soul to love you,
And only blows instead of sweet caress.

Let me tell you now a simple ditty,
Of a maiden, delicate and young,
Who with speaking tender words of pity
Kept the law of kindness on her tongue.

Home returning from a mission-meeting,
To her holy prompting staunch and true,
She, her father earnestly entreating,
Said, "May children have a mission too?"

"Yes, my daughter;" and the words once spoken'
Generous thought not for a moment slept;
And the "Children's Mission" is the token
That God will smile on righteous promise kept.

My tale is told, but for each youthful hearer
I ask that he may choose the better part:
"Pray, children dear, for counsel wiser, clearer,
And find the moral lurking in your heart."

THERE is nothing purer than honesty; nothing sweeter than charity; nothing warmer than love; nothing brighter than virtue, and nothing more steadfast than faith. These united in one from the purest, the sweetest, the richest, the brightest, and most steadfast happiness.

The Sunday School Helper.

The Sunday School *Helper* is henceforth to be published by the Universalist Publishing House. It will be mainly devoted to the illustration and development of Bible Lessons, on the plan of what is known as the One Lesson System. Besides this matter, the *Helper* will contain articles relating to Sunday School Teaching, and other incidents of Sunday School work. We hope to present, now and then, a Concert Exercise, and other matter suitable to public occasions.

The *Helper* will contain, as part of its regular contents. 1. Bible Studies, presenting an elaborate commentary upon the Scripture prescribed for each Sunday, with the circumstances introductory to the subject; 2. Bible Lessons, carefully prepared, with thorough analysis by questions; 3. Blackboard Exercises, to help, it is hoped, in the general lessons and review; 4. Primary Lessons, being an eleborate development of the lessons for classes of small children.

The Bible Lessons will be furnished, as heretofore, as Lesson Papers, for intermediate and advanced scholars: and Primary Lesson Papers, for the youngest classes, will contain all of the lessons which it is deemed desirable for the children to memorize.

It has been thought best, upon the desire of a large number of our most active Sunday School workers, to adapt the "International Series" of Scripture selections; but the treatment is wholly independent.

The lessons will be read in the light of God's universal and unchangeable love, and of the universal triumph of Christ our Saviour.

The Number for January is now out. We will gladly supply specimen copies on application by mail.

TERMS:—To Single Subscribers, $1.50 per year, invariably in advance. When five or more copies are sent to one address, they will each be accompanied by 6 Lesson Sheets. Extra Lesson Sheets, $1.00 per hundred. Primary Lesson Sheets, $1.00 per hundred.

Our Sunday Schools.

MASSACHUSETTS.

—The Sunday School at North Adams, has a newly finished and refurnished vestry in which to hold its sessions. Hitherto they have been held in the body of the church, and the vestry used only for public purposes. Now it is made comfortable and cheery for the Sunday School, the Ladies' Circle and all the social purposes of the church.

—The annual meeting of the Sunday School Union is held at the Shawmut Avenue Universalist Church, Dec. 21, Rev. A. J. Canfield of Chelsea, preaching the sermon. The singing will be by the members of the Shawmut school. It is rumored that the Union will soon open a Mission Sunday School in Wesleyan Hall.

MAINE.

—The Rockland *Gazette* of last week contains the following: The Universalist Sunday School held a praise meeting last Sunday evening. The exercises consisted of the service for Thanksgiving from "A year of worship," a few words from the superintendent, a brief and appropriate address by the pastor, and the singing of a number of Sunday-school hymns and one or two solo pieces, closing with "Nearer, my God to Thee," by school and congregation, with scripture recitations between the stanzas by the school. Near the close of the exercises the pastor asked permission to say a word further, and remarked that liberty had been taken to introduce a feature into the exercises which had not been entered in the superintendent's order of services, and he would request Master Willie Bird to come forward to explain. The superintendent, Mr. Vose, was then asked to come forward and Master Bird, in an appropriate address, presented to the Superintendent, in behalf of the school, and as a token of its regard, an elegant, ebony, gold-headed cane. The gift was an entire surprise to the recipient.

—The Rockport Sunday School publishes a "Card of Thanks" as follows: "We would return thanks to our friends at Rockland, South Hope and Orland who have remembered us in our time of need and so kindly responded to our appeal for help.

May God bless them for their generous gifts of Service and Library books. Although lately organized we have a school that will compare favorable with any in the place, and we are determined to make it better still. Contributions of books from any school, (having enough and to spare) will be gratefully received. No matter how old or worn they may be, they will do for us until we can do better.

Any number from one volume upwards will be received thankfully and duly acknowledged." A. D. CHAMPNEY.

NEW YORK.

—The young people of the parish at Little Falls, have been especially considered in a series of Sunday evening "Lectures to the young" given by the pastor, Rev. Mr. Webster.

ILLINOIS.

—The Sunday Schools of Chicago have a Missionary Union, which has just held its fourth annual conference. Addresses were made by the President, Mr. J. E. Chadwick and Mr. B. F. Monroe, of the Murray Chapel Sunday School, Mr. J. H. Swan, Superintendent of St. Paul's church Sunday School, and Rev. J. S. Dennis, Superintendent of the Sunday School of the church of the Redeemer. The singing was by the children of the various schools. The object of the Union is to promote the Sunday School cause both in these schools and by missions. The Murray Chapel school was, itself partly a mission enterprise.

MICHIGAN.

—The second quarterly Sabbath school concert of our Sabbath school at Concord, Mich., given on the evening of Nov. 9, passed off very successfully before a full house, which showed its appreciation by a handsome collection for the benefit of the school.

One Sin.

"If one note in the organ be out of key, or harsh of tone, it mars the whole tune. All the other reeds may be in harmony; but the one defective reed destroys the sweetness of all the rest. In every tune it makes discord somewhere. Its noise jars out into every other note. And so one sin destroys the harmony of a whole life. A boy or girl may be obedient, filial, industrious, and honest; but ill-temper is a jarring reed that touches every grace with chill and discord. Let every affection, and every thought, and every word, and every action, be right; then there is music in the life."

CHARLIE, a bright four-year-old, of Norwich, was in an unamiable mood the other day, and his mother admonished him to look pleasant. But his face continued to wrinkle, till she remarked: "Why, Charlie, I am astonished to see you making faces at your mother!" Charlie brightened up at once, and retorted: "Why, I calculated to langh, but, mamma, my face slipped."

Lives of the Apostles.

LESSON XLI.—PAUL.

Question. — To what place did Paul go from Athens?

Answer. — Acts xviii. 1.

NOTE. Before this time, Paul has been compelled, in almost every instance, by persecution, to move from one place to another. But his reception at Athens, was harder to bear than it had been where he was persecuted. At Athens he receives only a respectful but cold hearing. He seems to have left Athens thoroughly discouraged. Persecution has attended him until now, but where there is no persecution awaiting, he meets with coldness.

Q. — What did he do, when he arrived at Corinth?

A. — Acts xviii. 2.

NOTE. It should be particularly noticed that Paul does not, as in all former places, proceed to preach. He goes to work at his trade. And he enters into the employment of Aquila, not because he is a Christian, but principally because he is a tent-maker

Q. — Why did he not, as usual, preach plainly in the synagogue?

A. — Acts xviii. 9.

Q. — What did Paul do in the synagogue upon each Sabbath?

A. — Acts xviii. 4.

Q. — Did he speak boldly at this time?

A. — Acts xviii. 5.

Q. — What did he do after Silas and Timothy arrived at Corinth?

A. — Acts xviii. 5.

NOTE. Before they came, Paul seems to have spoken of Jesus, but with very great carefulness. But when they came bringing him good news from the newly planted churches, no doubt, he was encouraged to say plainly that the Jesus he had been speaking to them about, was the Christ.

Q. — What was the effect of Paul's plain statement that Jesus was the Christ?

A. — Acts xviii. 6.

Q. — What did Paul do?

A. — Acts xviii. 6.

Q. — Where did he go to hold his meetings?

A. — Acts xviii. 7.

Q. — Where was this house situated?

A. — Acts xviii. 7.

NOTE. The worshippers must often have met in the street face to face.

Q. — Did any of the Jews believe?

A. — Acts xviii. 8.

Q. — Did Paul even now hesitate to preach plainly?

A. — Acts xviii. 9.

Q. — What encouragement did Paul receive to speak boldly?

A. — Acts xviii. 10.

Hidden Seed

Enigma No. 1

My first, was born when Abraham was 86 years old.
My second, was the father of Nagge.
My third, had been brought up with Herod the Tetrarch.
My fourth, was the son of Cosam.
My fifth, the men of Cuth made their god.
My sixth, was the father of Elphal.
My seventh, was what the children of Gad called an altar.
My eighth, was the grandmother of Timothy.
My whole is a title of Christ.

Enigma. No. 2.

I am composed of 14 letters.
My 12, 7, 12, is a small carriage.
My 6, 14, 12, is used by shoemakers.
My 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 10, is a girl's name.
My 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 10, 12, is a lake in British America.
My 1, 2, 3, 13, is the juice of grapes.
My 8, 11, 4, 12, is a part of worship.
My 1, 5, 12, is covering for the head.
My 14, 12, 12, is used for food.
My 4, 11, 9, 14, is a part of the face.
My whole is a lake in New Hampshire.

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